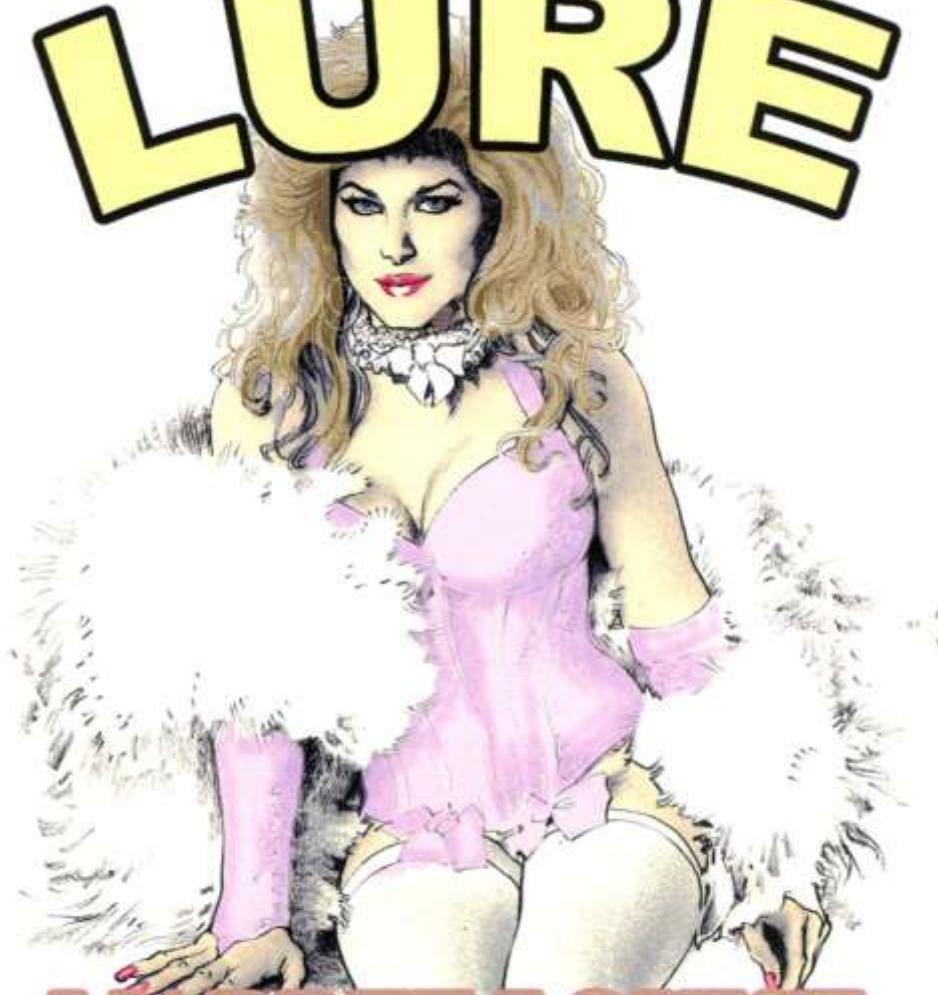


THE UNWITTING
LURE



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PRYNNE**



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The Unwitting Lure

By Mardee Louise Prynne

The first day of the fall semester wasn't a real school day. You just show up for homeroom to get your program and then try to get out of the classes with teachers you don't want. I stopped by the program office to say hi to my girlfriend who was a student secretary there. Well, I was her boyfriend anyway although she was so moody that I wasn't sure if I could call her my girlfriend or not. She was a real pain but she was worth it, at least to me. I reacted to Carole like to no other girl ever. Just looking at her set me going. Did I say pain? Bitch is more the right word. Carole did, however, let me get to somewhere between second and third base so it wasn't all bad.

I'm not being fair to Carole. She really did have some terrifically nifty things going for her. Carole had a very attractive face along with a great figure which is always good for openers. She had a gift of knowing how to dress so that she managed to catch everyone's eye without looking cheap or trampy. She had a good mind; not brilliant but good enough to get on well. Her keen insight into people, although often clouded by her conceit, allowed her to cater to their vanity for her own advancement. Carole was a good athlete and one of the leading lights of the school's modern dance club. Not that she was a great dancer or even a very good dancer. Her success was mainly due to her skill in calling attention to herself on stage. With a body like hers that was easy.

The total of Carole's charms somehow was greater than the sum of its parts. There was some indescribable extra that drew the attention of girls as well as boys, of women as well as men.

We were in a lot of the same classes together because we were both on the honors track. I never felt as secure as I should have around the other kids in honors classes because of my less than impressive social background. At first I wondered how Carole managed to survive in honors classes considering her mediocre academic performance. It was her skill at being a "brown-nose" that did it. She was so good at subtly kissing ass

that she was easily able to flatter her targets without them ever catching on to on to just how well she was manipulating them.

Most of the student population had dispersed by late morning. The professional staff was out until one. The building was pretty empty when I finally reached the program office. Carole was still there but she wasn't alone. There was the cutest little kid there. I would have thought she was still in grammar school, but no. She was standing there with her notebooks clutched to her chest and a program card in her hand. This new admission obviously didn't know we had a dress code in this high school. I eyed her from head to toe and back again. A variation on the popular pixie hairstyle framed an innocently pretty face with large sparkling green eyes that complemented her deep red hair. A smattering of freckles added to her little girl charm. Since she had her chest concealed by the notebooks she clutched I couldn't tell if she was stacked or flat. That no bra straps showed under her wide necked tee confirmed what was obvious at first glance; she didn't need one because she didn't have very much to put in a bra. Back then, in the fifties, every high school girl, even those who didn't need to, wore a brassiere all the time. Score one for her. She was independent minded enough not to care whether other kids knew how little she had in that department.

I wondered if she was one of those whiz kids who go right from sixth grade to ninth grade or something. She wore jeans and saddle shoes. One thin wrist sported a small watch while a narrow silver bangle bracelet adorned the other. A narrow gold ring set with a blue stone called attention to her graceful fingers. A fine gold chain hung from her neck and disappeared down the wide neck of her striped tee. I wondered whether it held a cross or a Star of David. The tee she wore hung loosely around her hips obscuring her waist which had to be pretty small considering how little flesh she had on top. She turned away from me for a second or two but that was long enough for me to see that her tush quite adequately filled the seat of her jeans. Saddle shoes completed her ensemble.

There was something about her that I found terribly appealing, even sexy. I just hoped that Carole didn't see it on my face. That tingling in my groin might have betrayed me had the new kid not turned so her tush was away from me. Then she gave me a knowing smile that really melted me and got my juices flowing even faster. I felt puzzled and liberated all at once. What was there about this skinny newcomer that made her turn me on the way only Carole could up until this instant? I had been wishing on and off for a long time now that a girl might come into my life whom I would want to date as much as I wanted to be with Carole. This was the girl! Maybe now I would finally have the conviction to stop putting up with Carole. But would this little cutie be interested in dating me or anyone else considering how young she was?

Carole looked up from the papers she was fussing with and smiled at me.

“Hi. I’ll be with you as soon as I’m through with this new child.” Carole practically spit the word “child” at this naive looking new kid. She smiled sardonically at the newcomer who shifted from one foot to the other.

“Well. Jo-Jo, all you have to do is get this excuse from gym signed and you’re all set. You’ll have to document those dance classes that you’re using as an excuse as well as that other stuff you’re getting into.”

“Excuse me,” the new kid said firmly. “All that’s in my folder.”

“So you say.” Carole was being supercilious to the point of rudeness.

Jo-Jo smiled back at Carole. “I’m sure you could tell me all there is to know about how I should get out of taking gym.” This one wasn’t about to be lorded over by Carole. I wondered how she knew Carole never, ever had to go to gym. Just a smart comeback although surprising apt. Jo-Jo’s quick retort to Carole set me wondering how it was that Carole managed to get through three and half years of high school without ever taking gym. Sure some of her activities like being a baton twirler could be used to get out of gym but that was only for a few months in the fall during football season. The modern dance numbers she participated in for the spring festival might account for a few more weeks out of gym in the late winter. Maybe if you added all this up it would work out. I had my doubts all along but now I was willing to admit it to myself having gotten fed up with Carole’s controlling and often hurtful nature.

Carole was glaring at Jo-Jo as if trying to will the new girl out of existence or at least out of this school and back to wherever she came from. Maybe I was reading into it but Jo-Jo seemed pretty smug at having successfully driven Carole into a sulk.

As Jo-Jo turned to leave, two guys who were sitting on a bench in the office got up. One of the boys deliberately jostled Jo-Jo in a failed attempt to dislodge her notebooks. Her saddle shoe delivered a swift and effective kick to his ankle. His buddy looked like he was about to jump in to help him.

“Go ahead, I dare you.” Jo-Jo snapped at the boy who backed away in shock at the tiny newcomer’s aggressive reaction.

“Just in case you two jerks have any ideas I’m going to even the sides.” I moved alongside Jo-Jo as I spoke. This surprised everyone, me most of all. Although I could take of myself well enough when I had to, I wasn’t a fighter and certainly never threw out challenges until that very moment. The pair took off. For a second or two I wondered why they were hanging out in the program office at that particular moment. Did someone put them up to it? Was Carole that somebody? What could she possibly have against this cute little girl who was transferring into the school?

“Hal!” Carole called my attention from Jo-Jo who was leaning against the door post biting her lip as she fought back tears of anger. “I need a word with you.”

Carole had moved from behind her desk. She parked her bottom on the corner of the desk so that one leg extended to the floor while the other swung rhythmically. Her eyes met mine in a studied look that conveyed both dismay and irritation.

“You know you embarrass me sometimes. You practically got into a brawl with those two boys who really didn’t anything wrong. One of them bumped into that awful child, probably by accident. So it kicks him so hard it hurts but you have to have to threaten or whatever it is you said that drove them off.”

I stared at Carole in total disbelief. So this new girl was really skinny and more than a little flat but calling her an “it” was totally unfair.

“Come off it, Carole. You got no reason to be so nasty to that new kid.”

“Don’t I? Maybe I’ll tell you about it when we’re alone.” Her last remark reminded me that Jo-Jo was still within earshot.

“I don’t care what reasons you think you have. I still won’t let anyone be bullied if can help it.”

Carole got up from the desk, walked to the center of the room and paused. She glanced down at the back of her ankle, wet her finger tip, and raised her skirt a few inches above her knee as if to stop a run in her hose. The thing was that she wasn’t wearing hose, just crew socks and dirty white bucks. She did, however, accomplish her purpose quite nicely. Staring at the back of her knee and at her calf made me forget Jo-Jo for the moment. The conversation turned to things between us. Carole was quite sweet when she wanted to be. Turned out she wasn’t being sweet this time.

“Hal, honey, you know that dance we were supposed to go to together, the one next week at the center. Well, it’s not that I don’t want to go with you but you’re really such a klutzy dancer. It might be better if I went on my own so I can dance with boys who are really good dancers, almost as good as I am. When you’re with me they seem afraid to ask for a dance. Maybe they’ll think you’ll rough them up and so they avoid me.

“Oh, Hal, I don’t mean that you’re a bad dancer. It’s just that someone as athletic as you are, so well-coordinated would be expected to dance really well. I much prefer to be able to dance with boys who are...up to my standards.”

“Sure, Carole. I wouldn’t want to cramp your style. Go and enjoy yourself. Work the crowd to your heart’s content.”

“Stop being such a jerk! You’re being unfair to me and you know it.”

She looked genuinely hurt as she reached out to me and put her hand in mine. We comforted each other with a kiss.

I wasn't sure whether Carole still wanted me to take her to the dance at the youth center. Then again, it didn't matter what Carole wanted. She called that date off and off it would remain.

"Call me after dinner. Maybe you can come over and we can listen to records."

"Sure thing," I replied and left the office.

Jo-Jo had disappeared. I was feeling bad for the little mouse but I sure wasn't ready to give up Carole. At the same time I wondered if I had better seize the initiative and dump Carole before she dumped me.

I didn't have a destination in mind. Maybe go home, grab a sandwich and then hang out at the ball field or just stay home and read. Then I heard footsteps scurrying down the hall behind me.

She was following me down the hall, hurrying to catch up to me. That's what I get for being nice. God, she was scrawny even for a high school freshman. I'm a senior so why do I want to be seen with this weird new freshman girl? Of course there are a few freshman girls who are more than just worth being seen with. This kid was not one of them. She was built like she was still in seventh grade, maybe even sixth. Still, she had something that started me thinking every time I looked at her.

Damn! What is it about this little mouse I find so cute? I mean of course she's cute but she's built like a little kid. Why the hell do I want to know more about her?

"Hi, Hal. I guess I owe you one for sticking up for me when those jerks were trying to start something."

"Forget about it, Jo-Jo. It's not even worth mentioning."

"It's just that sooner or later I always have to stick up for myself. Maybe sooner is better."

I wasn't at all sure of what she was talking about. A sense of anger crept over me. Who was I angry at? Was it at Carole for being such a controlling bitch? Was it at Jo-Jo for forcing me to confront my feelings about Carole's nastiness as well as the attractiveness? Was it at myself for not being able to break off with Carole? All of the above? All I knew was that I wanted the conversation to keep going. I tried to make some small talk.

"Want to take a walk around the building with me so I can show you where things are. Then maybe we can go across to the park and..."

"Hal, that is just so sweet. The tour isn't necessary. You see I was supposed to start here years ago, as a freshman so I had orientation at

the end of eighth grade but we had to move away before I actually started. My mom got sick and...well, she didn't make it. I had to go live with relatives. My aunt has a new job in town now so she's renting a house near the park."

"I'm sorry about your mom. Must have been really tough for you."

"Still is..." She paused and shuddered as if to shake off hurt or bitterness.

After a respectful pause, I changed the subject.

"What term are you going into?"

"Seventh, I'm a senior."

I almost dropped my teeth but I managed to recover in time to respond.

"That's swell. Maybe we'll be in some classes together."

Sure, like I thought before, maybe she's one of those real brains who finish college at sixteen. Even if she is a kid, her being a senior might make it okay for us to hang around with each other or maybe even date. I continued trying to make small talk.

"Say, is Jo-Jo short for Josephine?"

"Hardly. I've got one of those traditional Italian names that most kids and almost all the teachers can't ever get right.

"Hal, I know I may be butting in where I'm not wanted but I couldn't help overhear what Carole said to you when she broke the date. She can be a real stinker."

"She sure can be. She was pretty mean to you, too."

"Hal, listen to me, please. I've had an awful lot of dance training. I mean tons of classes in ballet and modern. That's how we're going to spite Carole. Just give me a chance to explain. Social dancing is easy after all my training. I know it's awkward but if you're willing to spend some time with me at the house my aunt and I are renting I know I can teach you to dance really well. It'll take some hard work and practice but I'd love to work with you. It might be fun for...us." She glanced down at the floor before adding in a softer voice. "I know it would be fun for me." Jo-Jo looked straight at me again and resumed in her previous lively mode. "If you show up at that dance and dance really well, I just know it will annoy the stuffing out of Carole. Would you like to try it?"

"Like it? I love it! The way I've come to feel about Carole, I'll do anything to burn her ass."

"Neat! You really do tell it like it is."

I blushed for having used coarse language with this peachy little doll. I was really tense as I waited for Jo-Jo to come down on me for using foul language. Carole sure as hell would have.

“Hold my things for a sec.”

“Sure Jo-Jo.”

She handed me her note books and a small denim utility bag, kind of like a purse. Jo-Jo knelt on one knee and retied her shoelace. As she bent over, the back of her tee rose above her waist to reveal a band of blue cotton that was the waist band of cute but very practical panties. A surge of excitement went through me. I knew then and there that it was over with Carole.

On second thought I knew it wasn't quite over and never would be as long as Carole and I would have to look at each other. Carole would be forever trying to make me uncomfortable. That would be nothing compared to the hard time she would give Jo-Jo. Did I say “hard time”? Knowing Carole as I did, I was certain she would do everything she could to socially annihilate Jo-Jo. She'd probably also try to physically annihilate Jo-Jo. That is if she thought she could get away with it without blemishing her school record.

Another thing I gleaned from knowing Carole as I did was this: As bitchy as Carole could be there was usually a reason behind her moods. Maybe her bitchy responses were out of proportion to the cause but there was almost always some little thing behind her mood. Was her attitude toward Jo-Jo based on the petite kid's refusal to kow-tow to her or was there something that happened before Jo-Jo transferred out of school back in freshman year?

“Can I offer you a ride home?” I didn't even wait for an answer from Jo-Jo but started running off at the mouth out of fear she would say no. “I mean we can get some pizza or something on the way. We can go to a deli if you like that better.”

“Hal, you're just such a nice guy. I would like it very much if you gave me a ride home. But are you really sure you want to be seen hanging out with me? No food for me though. I need to keep my weight down. Say, why not have lunch at my house?”

“Thanks. I'll take you up on the lunch offer. Just tell me one thing. Why would I care if anyone sees us together?”

“No real reason. Just thought you might 'cause I'm kind of different.”

I took a deep breath before I spoke my mind. “Maybe that's what I like about you.

“Can you wait a minute while I use the boys' room?”

“Sure. Won't be a bad idea if I go too.”

“Meet you out front in a couple of minutes,” I said as I started to open the door to the boys’ room. To my dismay, Jo-Jo walked in with me. I figured her for being pretty gutsy but using the boys’ toilet even though the school was almost empty took balls. I figured I could keep watch for her while she used a stall.

Jo-Jo put her notebooks on a sink, walked over to a urinal opened the waist and fly of her jeans. I gaped in her direction as she pulled down the waist band of her panties and apparently proceeded to pee into the urinal. My heart began to pound as I fought the urge to puke. Now I understood why Carole referred to this cute being as ‘it’. What struck me most of all was the urge to puke came not from the realization that I had deluded myself into seeing Jo-Jo as a delightfully appealing girl but waking up to the fact she was a boy did nothing to lessen the appeal she held for me! I looked at her and smiled sheepishly.

“Well, now you know. I didn’t want you to drive me home still thinking I’m a girl. Anyhow, thanks for being so nice....Aren’t you going to hit me? That’s what usually happens about now.”

“Come on, Jo-Jo. I’m not like one of those goons who would do that. Look, I still want to drive you home and if that lunch offer still holds, I want to take you up on that too. Okay?”

“Better than okay! That’s just so swank.”

“And I still want those dance lessons.”

Our hands brushed together as we squeezed through the bathroom door at the same time. I fought the urge to take Jo-Jo’s hand in mine.

We turned the corner toward the stairs and came face to face with Miss Carver, a school psychologist who, among other duties, supervised special guidance situations.

“Good morning, Miss Cadore (Kah/doray).” Miss Carver was unusually friendly. I hadn’t the vaguest idea of who she was speaking to so I looked back to see who was behind us. No one. That meant she had to be speaking to Jo-Jo. And being Miss Cadore meant Jo-Jo was definitely not a boy.

Jo-Jo nudged me gently and made a shushing noise. It was all I could do to keep from laughing nervously. This adorable little imp has the guts to follow me into the boys’ room, opens her jeans, seems to lower her panties and pretends to pee standing up. I ignored the fact that I had just been turned on at the idea of flirting with a boy who could pass for a girl. It was both a relief and a disappointment to hear Jo-Jo addressed as Miss by a mid-forties administrator who couldn’t possibly be in on any pranks.

“Hello, Miss Carver. I want to thank you for making my way back into the school easier than it might be otherwise.”

“Not all. I’m sure your program will work quite well. It’s really quite a treat to welcome a student like you, one with...your special gifts.

“Hal, it is really so good to see one of our more sought after boys finding time to spend with someone as special as Jo-Jo. This isn’t idle flattery, Hal. I think you know me well enough to understand that.”

“Yes, Miss Carver.”

As soon as we were clear of Miss Carver and safely on the stairs, I took Jo-Jo’s hand in mine. That was the cue for us both to run giddily down the stairs and out of the building.

“Jo-Jo, you’re a peach. You really must have something great going for you to make Miss Carver praise you like that. I gotta tell you though; you really took me in with that stunt in the bathroom. I actually believed you were peeing like a boy.”

As Jo-Jo looked up at me her face became impassively serious. “But that didn’t scare you off, make you want to run away from me?”

“No. I kind of surprised myself but it didn’t seem to make any difference to how I felt about being with you, near you. Oh, you know what I mean.”

By now we had gotten to where I parked my car. I unlocked the passenger door and held it open for Jo-Jo. She smiled. “Hal, you’re so considerate. I like to be treated like a lady. Makes me feels so good.”

I had hardly driven the car away from the curb when Jo-Jo turned serious again. “Hal, how do you know that was a ‘stunt’ in the bathroom? Maybe I really can pee like that.”

“Can’t be. No girl can pee standing up like that.”

“That may be true but what if I really am a boy?” She stood with her hands on her hips, her head tilted.

“Then why would Miss Carver call you a girl when she was talking to you just now?”

“Forget Miss Carver for now. Just suppose for now that I really am a boy. Then how would you feel about being around me, sitting close to me?”

“It wouldn’t scare me away. Maybe most guys and lots of girls would think I should. Maybe you think I’m nuts for saying this but for a second when we were in the bathroom I really did think you might be a boy. When you hear what I say next maybe you’ll be the one who doesn’t want to be around me. But for that minute or so when I thought you were a boy... I was even more attracted to you.”

“That’s so sweet of you feel that way...Maybe we better drop the subject. You do know you’re blushing.”

She rested her hand on my thigh, a move that started getting me hard. It felt good but at the same time I wondered what would happen if I had to meet any of her family with my cock at attention. Still, it felt so good that I wasn't about to push her hand away.

In between giving me directions to her house and allowing her hand to slip closer to my crotch every time the car turned, she kept up a piece by piece conversation.

"Hal, what you said a few minutes back about liking me more if I were a boy. That makes you so much more special than most boys...I mean it's so great that you would be willing to give someone a chance to be a friend even if that someone were really different, so different that other kids would call them weird...Call them weird or worse things"

"You mean like 'it,' like Carole called you."

I felt Jo-Jo's hand go rigid as her body tensed.

"Yes, like being called 'it' by that awful Carole person."

"I know Carole's faults as well as anyone but she's pretty much the big man on campus around here so you'll have to give her some credit if you want to survive socially."

"Maybe we better end this conversation if we're going to keep talking about Carole." She pulled her hand from my lap and clasped her hands on her knee. "And just let me say this. My aunt wanted to put me in a private school for girls. I wanted to try an ordinary high school with regular kids. If I have to defer to Carole's whims I would be more than happy to go along with my aunt's offer of private school. Conversation closed."

She had me. I sure as hell didn't want her to go to any private school where I would never see her again but I also didn't want to take on Carole and lose any chance of getting back with her if Jo-Jo decided to leave school later in the year.

I had suddenly seen a side of Jo-Jo I hadn't anticipated. The way she cut off any discussion of things in school it was clear that she could be at least as narrow minded and as bitchy as Carole. Maybe I had better get things right with Carole as soon as I could.

Jo-Jo directed me to a neighborhood that wasn't zoned for our high school. I wondered what connections her aunt had used to get Jo-Jo accepted into a school she wasn't zoned for. On second thought, why would anyone want to take pains to go to that high school? Maybe there was some connection between Jo-Jo's aunt and Miss Carver that would have made Miss Carver go out of her way to look after Jo-Jo. That still didn't answer the 'why' question.

The house was an impressive and well maintained Victorian mansion set on a knoll. I drove through the iron gates and up to the front entrance. Jo-Jo directed me around back.

“More private,” she added. “Coming in?”

“No but thanks anyway.”

“Please. A quick lunch. Stay for my sake. I feel so guilty for having been cross with you when you didn’t deserve it.”

“Maybe another time, okay?”

“Well then let me thank you for the ride.”

Jo-Jo kissed me and turned to face me as she did. Now she was on her knees straddling me as she undid my belt and the top button of my pants. She slid her hand under my pants but over my briefs. My cock was throbbing in an instant as massaged me through my briefs. I was startled when, without warning, she squeezed my nuts in her hand. She worked her hand under my briefs and tickled the rim of my cockhead. A few strokes and I came. She smiled triumphantly, sardonically, and condescendingly in one smile. I was intimidated and turned on.

“No you have to come in even if it’s just to clean yourself up.”

She led me up to her room where I was all but ordered to use her shower in her attached bathroom. I came back into the room wearing a yellow terry cloth robe to hear the hall door close. My jeans were folded on a chair with my shirt hanging over the back. Shoes and socks were neatly placed in front of the chair but my underpants were gone. Jo-Jo had changed to shorts, very short shorts. Her crew socks and saddle shoes had been replaced by light sneakers.

“I had Alexis get rid of those scummy underpants of yours. Oh, don’t look so confused. You can borrow these.” She held out a pair of white cotton panty briefs. But for the lack of a fly and the tiny picot loops along the leg band they could have been a boy’s pair. Well, the waist band was more than a little too narrow for a boy’s underpants. So what?

I was secretly thrilled at the idea of trying these on but I knew I would have trouble at home if an unfamiliar pair of girl’s panties turned up in the hamper. My growing urge to try on the panties was turning into an irresistible need to wear them as Jo-Jo had suggested. My cock began to stiffen at the idea. This was something not to be admitted to a kid I just met a couple of hours before.

“No. I just can’t walk around in panties. I’ll feel so...” I was cut off in mid-sentence.

“Really, Hal. Do you need some help getting into them? I can help you if you need to be helped.” It sounded like a challenge.